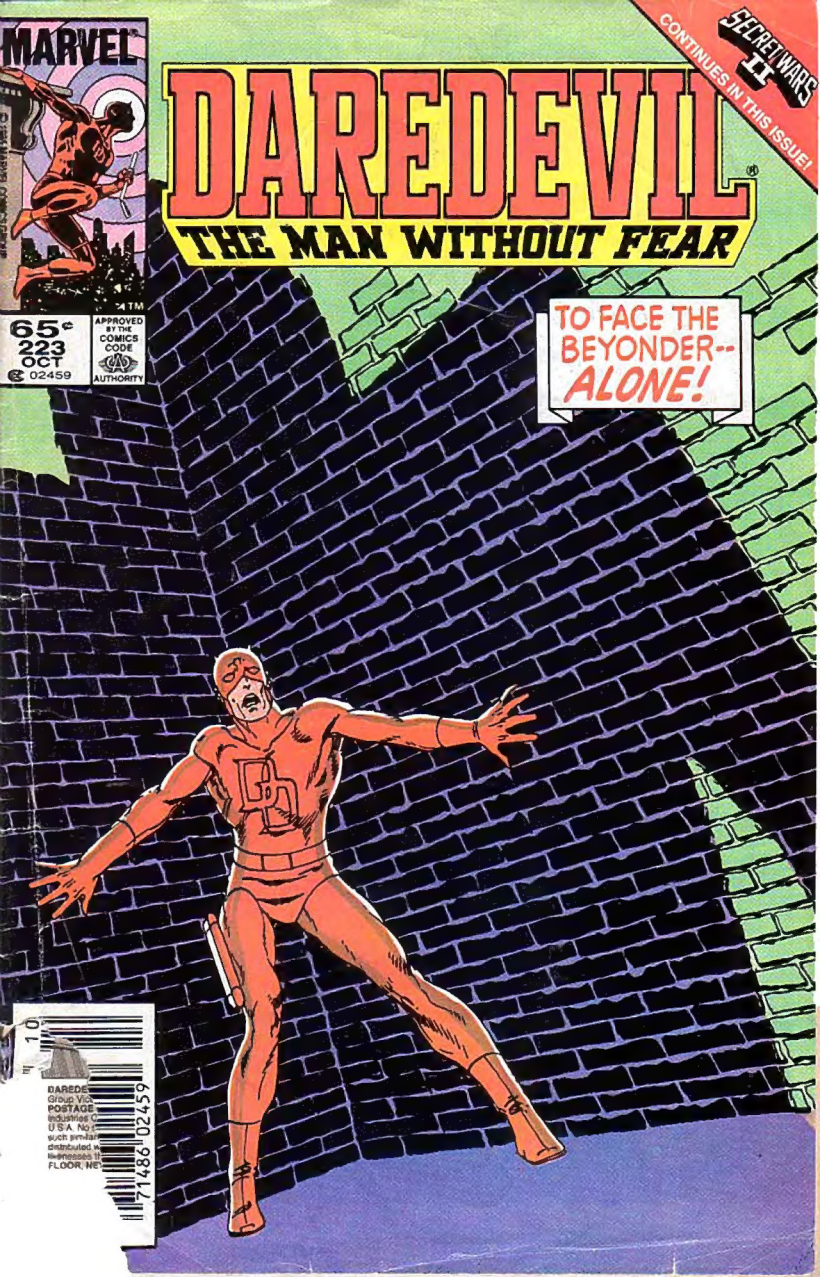
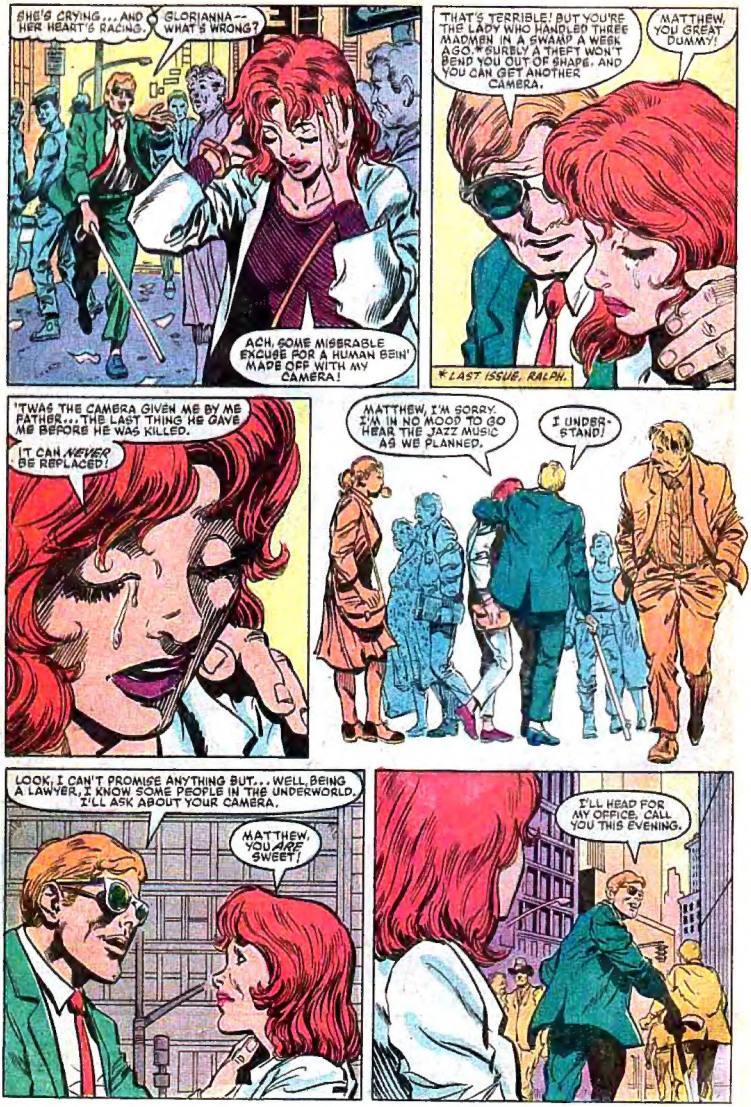
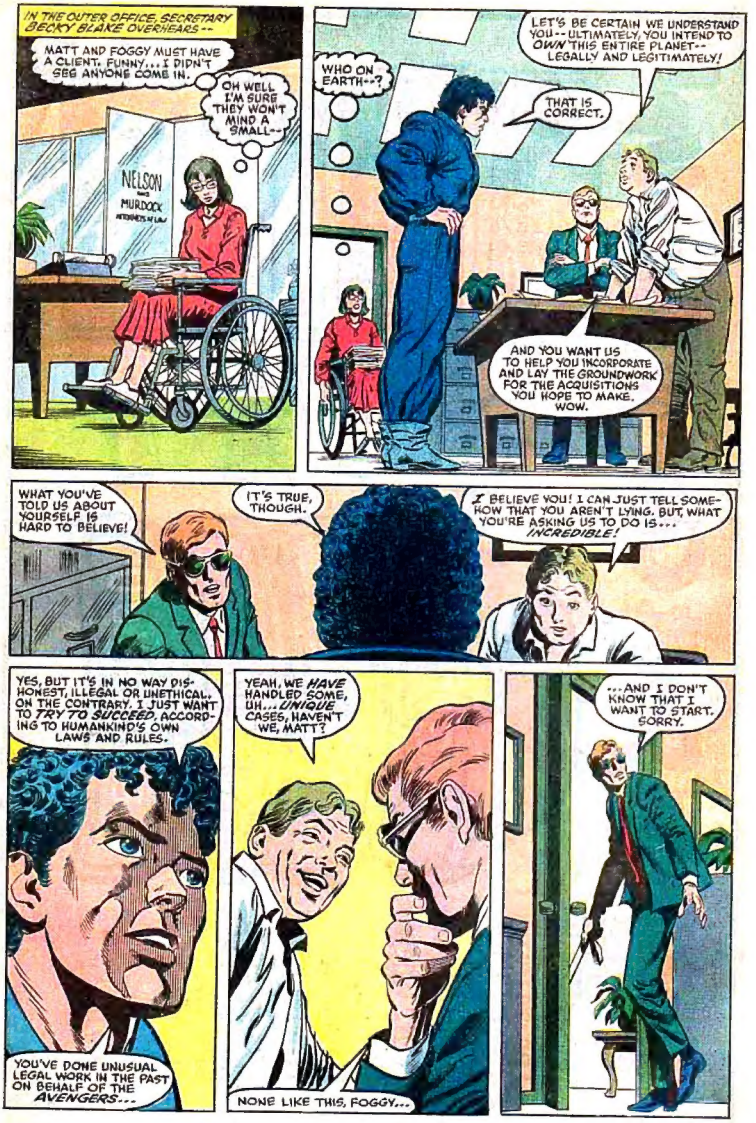

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
SECRET WARS II
CONTINUES IN THIS ISSUE!
TO FACE THE BEYONDER--
ALONE!
65¢
223
OCT
02459
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

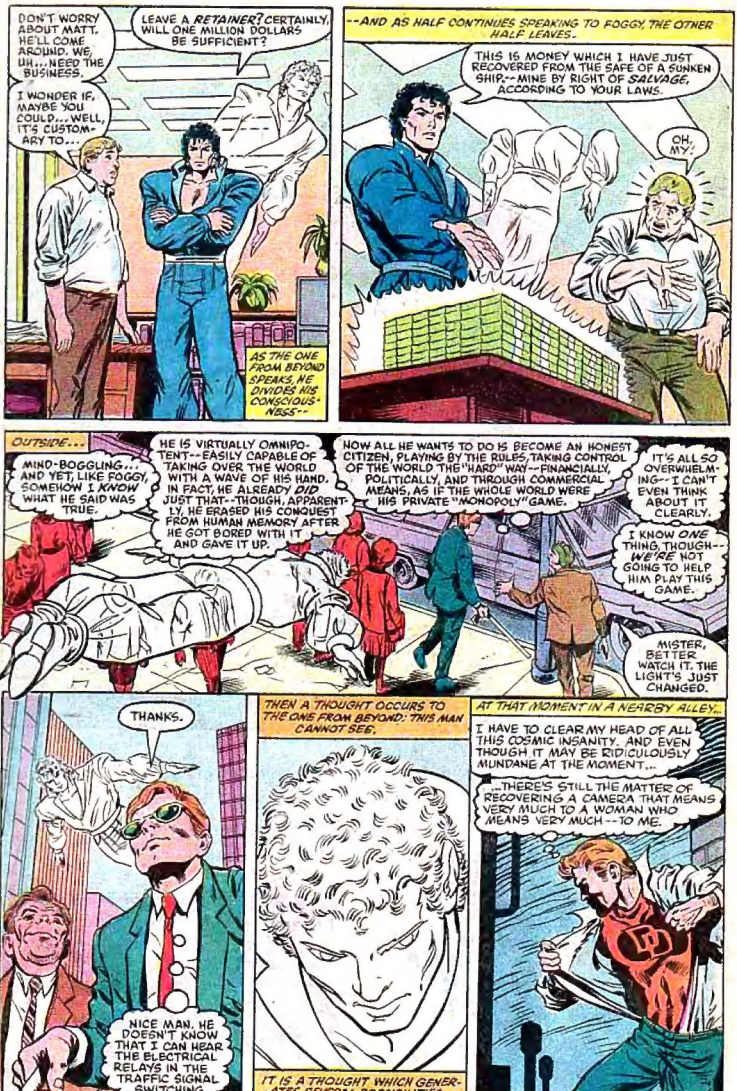
DAREDEVIL, Vol. 1, No. 223, October, 1985. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice-Presidents, Milton Schiffman, Vice-Presidents, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1985 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 65¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.80 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $9.80. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likeness thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

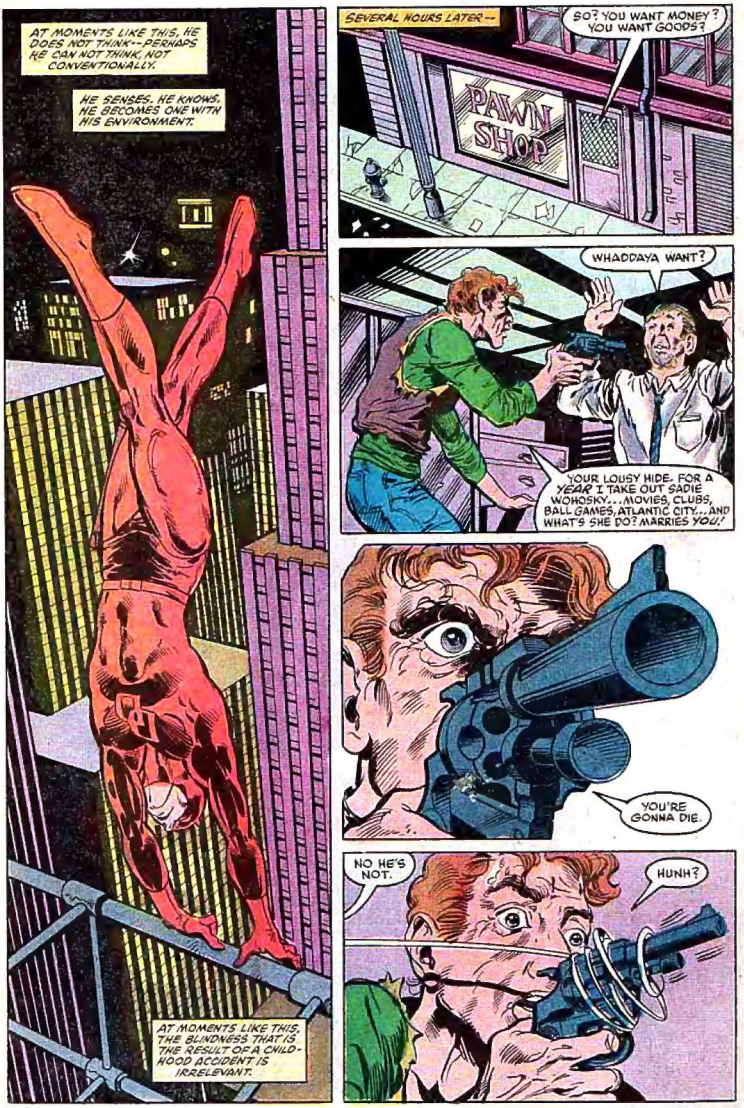

SHE'S CRYING... AND HER HEART'S RACING.
GLORIANNA -- WHAT'S WRONG?
ACH, SOME MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEIN' MADE OFF WITH MY CAMERA!
THAT'S TERRIBLE! BUT YOU'RE THE LADY WHO HANDLED THREE MADMEN IN A SWAMP A WEEK AGO.* SURELY A THEFT WON'T BEND YOU OUT OF SHAPE, AND YOU CAN GET ANOTHER CAMERA.
MATTHEW, YOU GREAT DUMMY!
*LAST ISSUE, RALPH.
'TWAS THE CAMERA GIVEN ME BY ME FATHER... THE LAST THING HE GAVE ME BEFORE HE WAS KILLED.
IT CAN NEVER BE REPLACED!
MATTHEW, I'M SORRY. I'M IN NO MOOD TO GO HEAR THE JAZZ MUSIC AS WE PLANNED.
I UNDER-STAND!
LOOK, I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING BUT... WELL, BEING A LAWYER, I KNOW SOME PEOPLE IN THE UNDERWORLD. I'LL ASK ABOUT YOUR CAMERA.
MATTHEW, YOU ARE SWEET!
I'LL HEAD FOR MY OFFICE. CALL YOU THIS EVENING.

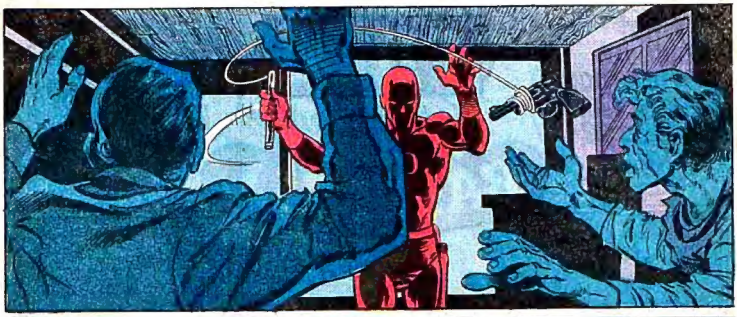
AT THAT MOMENT, SOMEWHERE ABOVE NORTH AMERICA, A SEEMINGLY HUMAN FIGURE DRIFTS.
HE IS THE MOST POWERFUL BEING HUMANITY HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED. HE COMES FROM ANOTHER UNIVERSE TO WHICH OUR OWN IS AS A DROP OF WATER TO THE OCEAN. THERE, HE WAS ALL, THE SUM TOTAL OF EXISTENCE--ALONE, COMPLETE, AND CONTENT--
--UNTIL AN UNKNOWN EVENT OF COSMIC MAGNITUDE IN OUR UNIVERSE OPENED A PINHOLE INTO HIS BEYOND-REALM AND HE GLIMPSED THE EARTH. HE WAS INTRIGUED--MOST OF ALL, BY A THING UNKNOWN TO HIM, CALLED DESIRE.
HE HAS COME TO EARTH AND ASSUMED HUMAN FORM TO STUDY THIS THING, DESIRE--TO EXPERIENCE IT, AND ITS FULFILLMENT.
SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL UPON EARTH, HE LEARNED THE DESIRE FOR POSSESSIONS AND POWER. SHORTLY THEREAFTER, HE SEIZED ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THE PLANET AND EVERYTHING ON IT, MERELY BY FORCE OF WILL.
THE RESULTS WERE UNSATISFYING.
CONCLUDING THAT PERHAPS FULFILLMENT MIGHT LAY IN THE TRYING RATHER THAN THE DOING, HE HAS DEVISED ANOTHER PLAN. MOMENTS AGO, HE RETREATED HERE TO PONDER IT IN SOLITUDE.
NOW, HE HAS DECIDED THAT, INDEED, HIS NEW COURSE IS GOOD. HE WILL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY. THE FIRST STEP--RETAIN THE SERVICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

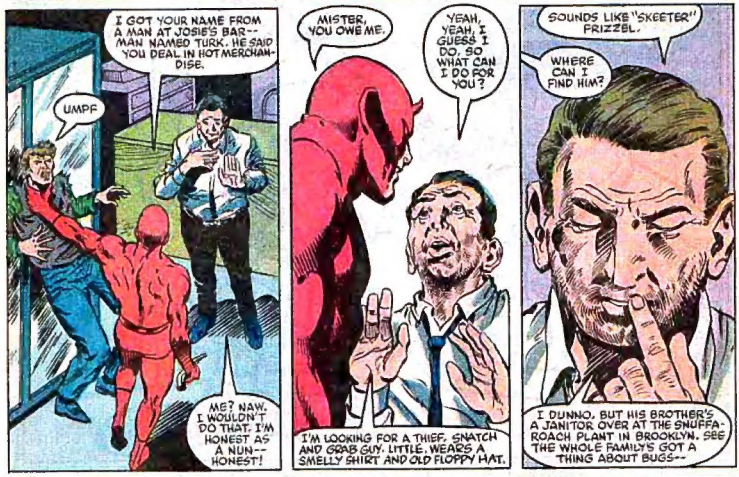
MANHATTAN...
MATT, I TELL YOU, OUR BACK IS AGAINST THE WALL--
--FLAT AGAINST THE WALL. WE DON'T EVEN HAVE NEXT MONTH'S RENT IN THE BANK.
ALL MY FAULT, OF COURSE. EVER SINCE I ADMITTED I LIED TO THOSE REPORTERS ABOUT ONE OF OUR CASES, NOBODY WANTS TO TRUST US. *
*ISSUE #212 -RALPH.
FOGGY, OLD FRIEND YOU'D BLAME YOURSELF FOR THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN IF YOU COULD FIND A WAY TO DO IT.
IT'S AS MUCH MY FAULT AS YOURS. I HAVEN'T BEEN IN THE OFFICE MUCH... HAVEN'T CARRIED MY SHARE OF THE LOAD.
WE'VE BEEN IN TIGHT SPOTS BEFORE. WE'LL FIND A--
MATT!
FOGGY'S PULSE IS BEATING LIKE A JACK HAMMER. AND I SENSE A... A PRESENCE--
GREETINGS!
I AM FROM BEYOND!
I WISH TO HIRE YOU!
UHH. MATT -- BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU A MAN JUST APPEARED IN THIS ROOM OUT OF THIN AIR.
THIN AIR!


IN THE OUTER OFFICE, SECRETARY BECKY BLAKE OVERHEARS--
MATT AND FOGGY MUST HAVE A CLIENT. FUNNY... I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE COME IN.
OH WELL I'M SURE THEY WON'T MIND A SMALL--!
NELSON AND MURDOCK ATTORNEYS AT LAW
WHO ON EARTH--?
LET'S BE CERTAIN WE UNDERSTAND YOU--ULTIMATELY, YOU INTEND TO OWN THIS ENTIRE PLANET-- LEGALLY AND LEGITIMATELY!
THAT IS CORRECT.
AND YOU WANT US TO HELP YOU INCORPORATE AND LAY THE GROUNDWORK FOR THE ACQUISITIONS YOU HOPE TO MAKE. WOW.
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD US ABOUT YOURSELF IS HARD TO BELIEVE!
IT'S TRUE, THOUGH.
I BELIEVE YOU! I CAN JUST TELL SOMEHOW THAT YOU AREN'T LYING. BUT, WHAT YOU'RE ASKING US TO DO IS... INCREDIBLE!
YES, BUT IT'S IN NO WAY DISHONEST, ILLEGAL OR UNETHICAL. ON THE CONTRARY, I JUST WANT TO TRY TO SUCCEED, ACCORDING TO HUMANKIND'S OWN LAWS AND RULES.
YOU'VE DONE UNUSUAL LEGAL WORK IN THE PAST ON BEHALF OF THE AVENGERS...
YEAH, WE HAVE HANDLED SOME, UH... UNIQUE CASES, HAVEN'T WE, MATT?
NONE LIKE THIS, FOGGY...
...AND I DON'T KNOW THAT I WANT TO START. SORRY.

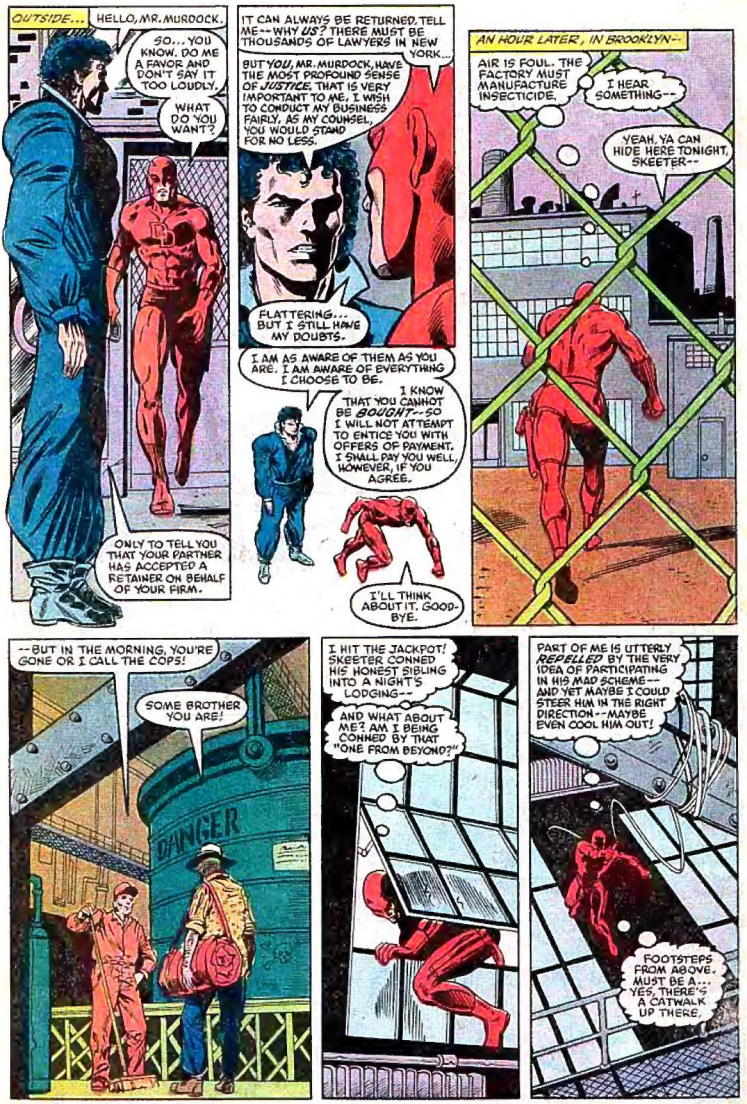

DON'T WORRY ABOUT MATT. HE'LL COME AROUND. WE, UH...NEED THE BUSINESS.
LEAVE A *RETAINER*? CERTAINLY. WILL ONE MILLION DOLLARS BE SUFFICIENT?
I WONDER IF, MAYBE YOU COULD...WELL, IT'S CUSTOMARY TO...
AS THE ONE FROM BEYOND SPEAKS, HE DIVIDES HIS CONSCIOUSNESS--
--AND AS HALF CONTINUES SPEAKING TO FOGGY, THE OTHER HALF LEAVES.
THIS IS MONEY WHICH I HAVE JUST RECOVERED FROM THE SAFE OF A SUNKEN SHIP--MINE BY RIGHT OF *SALVAGE*, ACCORDING TO YOUR LAWS.
OH, MY
OUTSIDE...
MIND-BOGGLING... AND YET, LIKE FOGGY, SOMEHOW I *KNOW* WHAT HE SAID WAS TRUE.
HE IS VIRTUALLY OMNIPOTENT--EASILY CAPABLE OF TAKING OVER THE WORLD WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND. IN FACT, HE ALREADY *DID* JUST THAT--THOUGH, APPARENTLY, HE ERASED HIS CONQUEST FROM HUMAN MEMORY AFTER HE GOT BORED WITH IT AND GAVE IT UP.
NOW ALL HE WANTS TO DO IS BECOME AN HONEST CITIZEN, PLAYING BY THE RULES, TAKING CONTROL OF THE WORLD THE "HARD" WAY--FINANCIALLY, POLITICALLY, AND THROUGH COMMERCIAL MEANS, AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD WERE HIS PRIVATE "MONOPOLY" GAME.
IT'S ALL SO OVERWHELMING--I CAN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT CLEARLY.
I KNOW *ONE* THING, THOUGH--*WE'RE* NOT GOING TO HELP HIM PLAY THIS GAME.
MISTER, BETTER WATCH IT. THE LIGHT'S JUST CHANGED.
THANKS.
NICE MAN. HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I CAN HEAR THE ELECTRICAL RELAYS IN THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL SWITCHING.
THEN A THOUGHT OCCURS TO THE ONE FROM BEYOND: THIS MAN CANNOT SEE.
IT IS A THOUGHT WHICH GENERATES SEVERAL POSSIBILITIES.
AT THAT MOMENT IN A NEARBY ALLEY...
I HAVE TO CLEAR MY HEAD OF ALL THIS COSMIC INSANITY. AND EVEN THOUGH IT MAY BE RIDICULOUSLY MUNDANE AT THE MOMENT...
...THERE'S STILL THE MATTER OF RECOVERING A CAMERA THAT MEANS VERY MUCH TO A WOMAN WHO MEANS VERY MUCH--TO ME.


AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS, HE DOES NOT THINK--PERHAPS HE CAN NOT THINK, NOT CONVENTIONALLY.
HE SENSES. HE KNOWS. HE BECOMES ONE WITH HIS ENVIRONMENT.
AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS, THE BLINDNESS THAT IS THE RESULT OF A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT IS IRRELEVANT.
SEVERAL HOURS LATER--
PAWN SHOP
SO? YOU WANT MONEY? YOU WANT GOODS?
WHADDAYA WANT?
YOUR LOUSY HIDE. FOR A YEAR I TAKE OUT SADIE WOHOSKY... MOVIES, CLUBS, BALL GAMES, ATLANTIC CITY... AND WHAT'S SHE DO? MARRIES YOU!
YOU'RE GONNA DIE.
NO HE'S NOT.
HUNH?

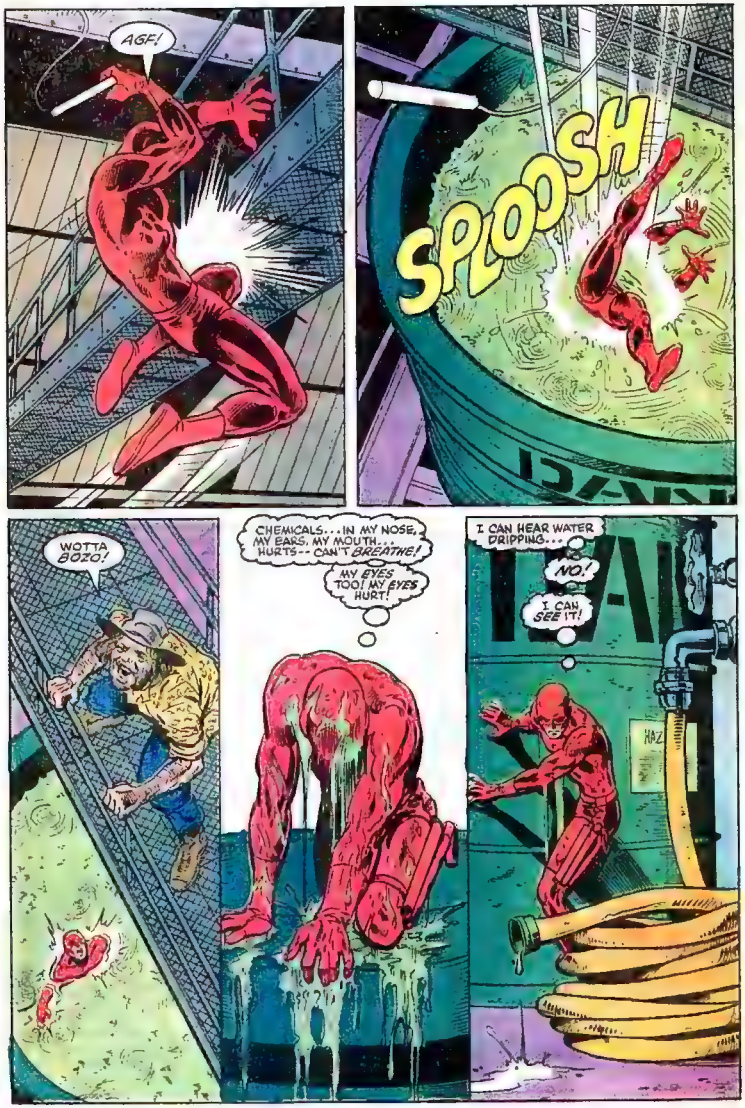



I GOT YOUR NAME FROM A MAN AT JOSIE'S BAR--MAN NAMED TURK. HE SAID YOU DEAL IN HOT MERCHANDISE.
UMPF
ME? NAW. I WOULDN'T DO THAT. I'M HONEST AS A NUN--HONEST!
MISTER, YOU OWE ME.
YEAH, YEAH, I GUESS I DO. SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'M LOOKING FOR A THIEF. SNATCH AND GRAB GUY. LITTLE. WEARS A SMELLY SHIRT AND OLD FLOPPY HAT.
SOUNDS LIKE "SKEETER" FRIZZEL.
WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?
I DUNNO. BUT HIS BROTHER'S A JANITOR OVER AT THE SNUFFA-ROACH PLANT IN BROOKLYN. SEE THE WHOLE FAMILY'S GOT A THING ABOUT BUGS--

OKAY. THANKS.
PAWN SHOP


OUTSIDE...
HELLO, MR. MURDOCK.
SO... YOU KNOW. DO ME A FAVOR AND DON'T SAY IT TOO LOUDLY.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
ONLY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR PARTNER HAS ACCEPTED A RETAINER ON BEHALF OF YOUR FIRM.
IT CAN ALWAYS BE RETURNED. TELL ME--WHY US? THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF LAWYERS IN NEW YORK...
BUT YOU, MR. MURDOCK, HAVE THE MOST PROFOUND SENSE OF JUSTICE. THAT IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. I WISH TO CONDUCT MY BUSINESS FAIRLY, AS MY COUNSEL, YOU WOULD STAND FOR NO LESS.
FLATTERING... BUT I STILL HAVE MY DOUBTS.
I AM AS AWARE OF THEM AS YOU ARE. I AM AWARE OF EVERYTHING I CHOOSE TO BE.
I KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT BE BOUGHT--SO I WILL NOT ATTEMPT TO ENTICE YOU WITH OFFERS OF PAYMENT. I SHALL PAY YOU WELL, HOWEVER, IF YOU AGREE.
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. GOOD-BYE.
AN HOUR LATER, IN BROOKLYN--
AIR IS FOUL. THE FACTORY MUST MANUFACTURE INSECTICIDE.
I HEAR SOMETHING--
YEAH, YA CAN HIDE HERE TONIGHT, SKEETER--
--BUT IN THE MORNING, YOU'RE GONE OR I CALL THE COPS!
SOME BROTHER YOU ARE!
DANGER
I HIT THE JACKPOT! SKEETER CONNED HIS HONEST SIBLING INTO A NIGHT'S LODGING--
AND WHAT ABOUT ME? AM I BEING CONNED BY THAT "ONE FROM BEYOND?"
PART OF ME IS UTTERLY REPELLED BY THE VERY IDEA OF PARTICIPATING IN HIS MAD SCHEME--AND YET MAYBE I COULD STEER HIM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION--MAYBE EVEN COOL HIM OUT!
FOOTSTEPS FROM ABOVE. MUST BE A... YES, THERE'S A CATWALK UP THERE.

THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT--MAYBE I OUGHT TO DO IT! MAYBE...I HAVE TO DO IT!
AT THAT INSTANT--
AH! MURDOCK HAS MADE HIS DECISION! HE ACCEPTS AND SO IT IS TIME TO PAY HIS HALF OF THE RETAINER.
WHA--
I CAN SEE!

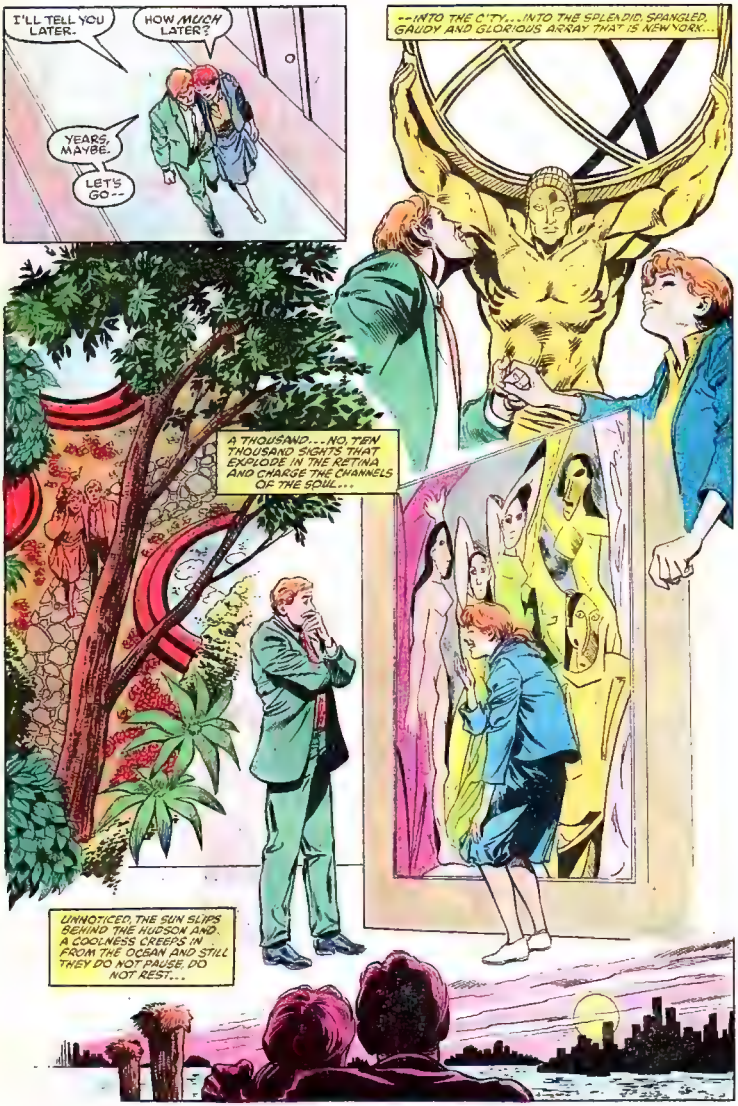

AGF!
SPLOOSH
WOTTA BOZO!
CHEMICALS... IN MY NOSE, MY EARS, MY MOUTH... HURTS-- CAN'T BREATHE!
MY EYES TOO! MY EYES HURT!
I CAN HEAR WATER DRIPPING...
NO!
I CAN SEE IT!
HAZ

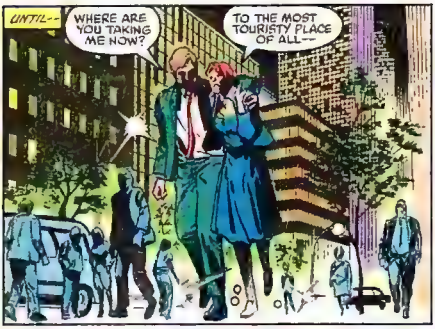
WHEN IT HAPPENED...WHEN SUDDENLY I WAS LOOKING AT THAT CATWALK. I WAS TOTALLY DISORIENTED. DIDN'T KNOW IF I WAS DREAMING...OR HALLUCINATING...
BUT I'M NOT! I CAN SEE!
THIS MUST BE THE DOING OF THE "ONE FROM BEYOND"--- HIS IDEA OF PAYMENT!
AT A MANHATTAN LAW LIBRARY THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
LESSEE...THE DOCTRINE OF EMINENT DOMAIN--
ARE YOU PROGRESSING?
MR. BEYOND--? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN.
THAT IS BECAUSE I DIDN'T.
I'M DOING JUST FINE.
TO TELL THE TRUTH, WHEN YOU CAME TO US, I HAD MY DOUBTS. BUT I'VE UNCOVERED SOME FACETS OF THE LAWS GOVERNING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATIONS THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK. OF COURSE, IT MIGHT TAKE YEARS--
YOU HAVE YEARS.

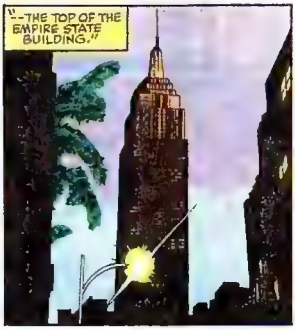
AND SEVERAL MILES DOWNTOWN...
MISTER, YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT MY KID FOR FIVE MINUTES. IS THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU?
UH, NO. NO THANK YOU.
A BABY. WOW.
WHY DON'TCHA WATCH WHERE YER GOIN'?
OH. SORRY.
WHAT ARE YOU, BLIND?
THOSE BUILDINGS ARE EXTRAORDINARILY TALL!
LOUSY TOURISTS.
JIMMY'S
PARDON ME, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE CHELSEA ARMS IS? I'M A BIT DISORIENTED.
YOU'RE PRACTICALLY THERE. LEFT AT THE CORNER, TWO BLOCKS.

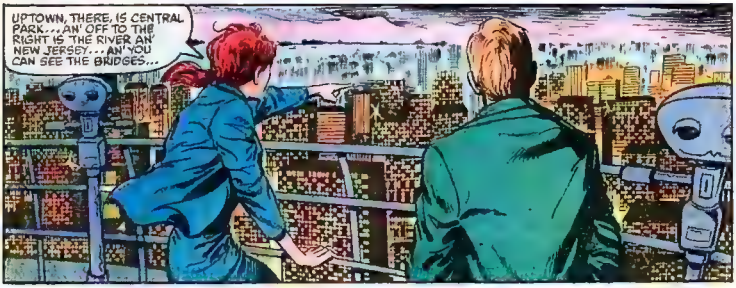
FUNNY... SIGHTLESS, I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO THINK ABOUT WHERE THINGS ARE. I MOVED AROUND BY INSTINCT.
MAYBE I'M CONFUSED BECAUSE I'M SO... SO FULLED WITH SIGHTS.
AND SINCE I STILL HAVE ALL OF MY SUPER-SENSES, I PERCEIVE THE WORLD WITH EVEN GREATER ACUITY! IT'S ALMOST OVER-WHELMING!
HERE I AM!
INSIDE--
MATTHEW! AN' WHAT BRINGS YOU THIS FINE DAY?
I CAME TO SEE YOU.
I NEVER IMAGINED YOU COULD BE THIS BEAUTIFUL.
MATTHEW, WHERE ARE YOUR GLASSES...?
SO VERY BEAUTIFUL.
YOU... YOU'RE NOT BLIND?

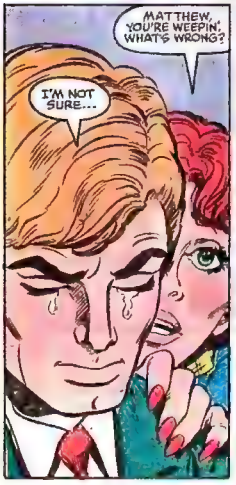
ARE THESE YOURS? YOUR WORK? YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS?
A FEW OF THE RECENT ONES.
DIANE ARBUS
EXTRAORDINARY.
NO. ONLY PRETTY GOOD. BUT FORGET THOSE! THEY'RE ONLY PICTURES--
--AN' OUT THERE'S THE ORIGINAL! THE GRAND AN' GLORIOUS WORLD!
I SNAP MY PHOTOGRAPHS TO CATCH A LITTLE OF IT... TO MAKE A WEE BIT OF IT MINE.
BUT I'M NOT FOOLIN' MYSELF, 'TIS TOO BIG AN TOO SPLENDID TO CRAM THROUGH THE LENS OF A CAMERA.
COME ON, THEN. LET'S GO FOR A WALK--
OH MY HEAVENS!
WHAT'S WRONG?
I FORGOT TO ASK YOU HOW'D IT HAPPEN? THAT YOU'VE REGAINED YOUR EYES.


I'LL TELL YOU LATER.
HOW MUCH LATER?
YEARS, MAYBE.
LET'S GO--
--INTO THE CITY...INTO THE SPLENDID, SPANGLED, GAUDY AND GLORIOUS ARRAY THAT IS NEW YORK...
A THOUSAND...NO, TEN THOUSAND SIGHTS THAT EXPLODE IN THE RETINA AND CHARGE THE CHANNELS OF THE SOUL...
UNNOTICED, THE SUN SLIPS BEHIND THE HUDSON AND A COOLNESS CREEPS IN FROM THE OCEAN AND STILL THEY DO NOT PAUSE, DO NOT REST...


UNTIL--
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME NOW?
TO THE MOST TOURISTY PLACE OF ALL--


"--THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING."


UPTOWN, THERE, IS CENTRAL PARK... AN' OFF TO THE RIGHT IS THE RIVER AN' NEW JERSEY... AN' YOU CAN SEE THE BRIDGES...

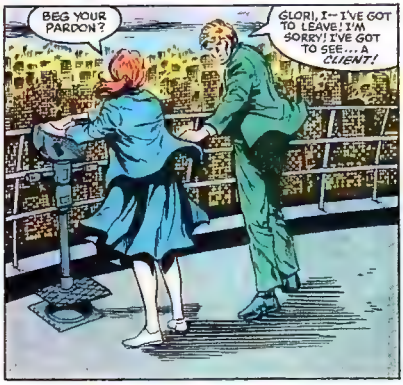

MATTHEW, YOU'RE WEEPIN'. WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M NOT SURE...

I GREW UP IN HELL'S KITCHEN... AT THE TIME, ONE OF THE NASTIEST AREAS IN THE CITY. NEVER GOT OUT OF IT, REALLY ... NEVER REALLY SAW ANYTHING BUT FILTHY STREETS AND CRUMBLING BUILDINGS...
I LOST MY SIGHT WHEN I WAS BARELY INTO MY TEENS.

I GUESS I'D FORGOTTEN THE LITTLE OF BEAUTY I'D EXPERIENCED. AND I HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS SO MUCH MORE.
SO MUCH, GLORIANNA ...SO MUCH BEAUTY.
EVERYTHING-- SO BEAUTIFUL.

AN' THIS ONLY THE BEGINNIN' FOR YOU, MATTY. THERE'RE STORMS IN THE MOUNTAINS AN' THE ACROPOLIS AT DAWN AN' ONCE I LOOKED AT THE CARIBBEAN SEA, 'TWAS SO CALM I COULD SEE EACH AN' EVERY STAR SHININ' IN IT...

NO.

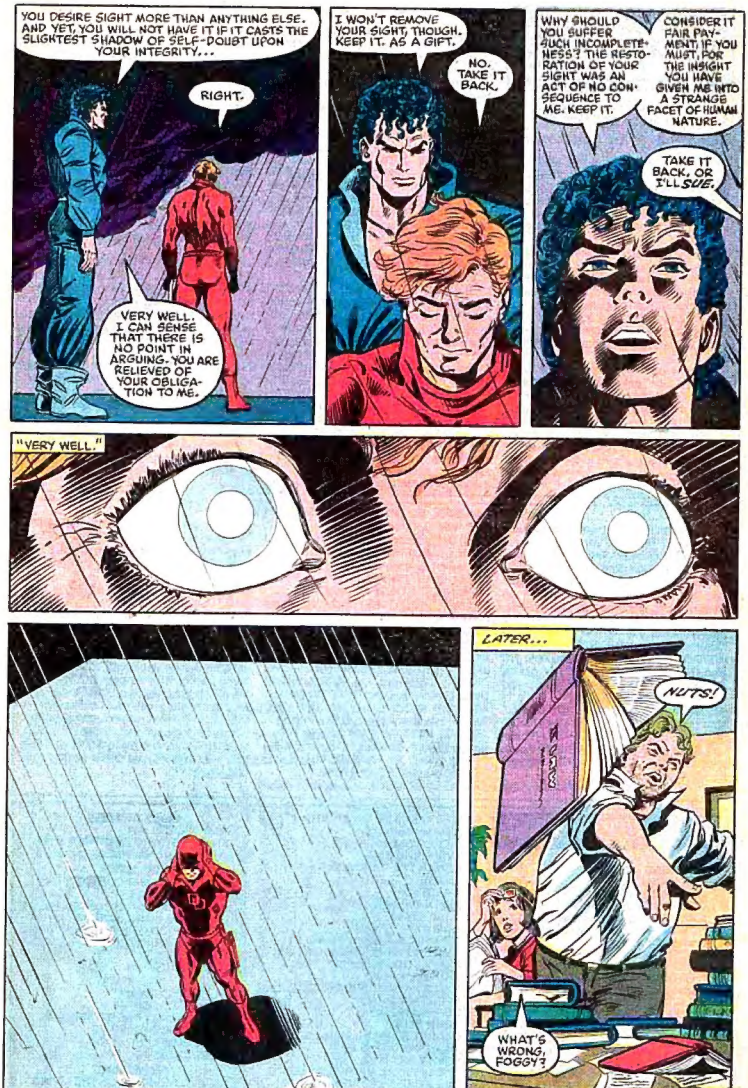

BEG YOUR PARDON?
GLORI, I-- I'VE GOT TO LEAVE! I'M SORRY! I'VE GOT TO SEE... A CLIENT!

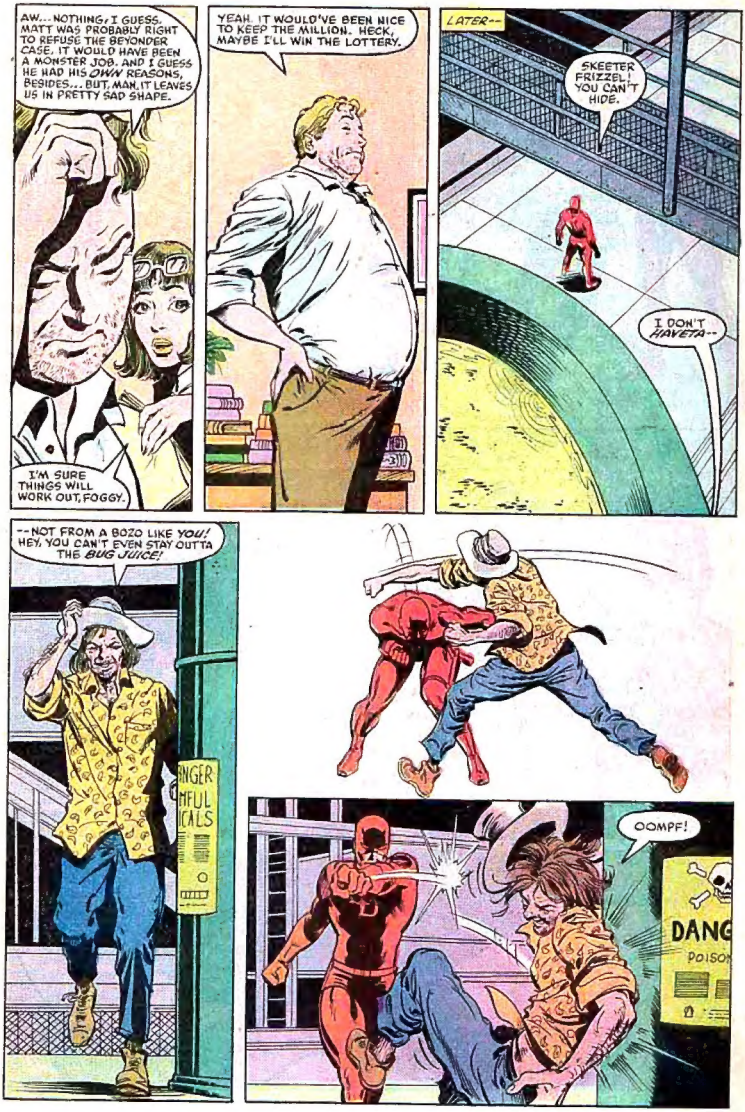
AT THIS HOUR, MATTHEW? BUT...
YES. IT MUST BE RIGHT NOW. I'LL... TALK TO YOU LATER.
I'LL SEE YOU ...I'LL BE WITH YOU LATER.

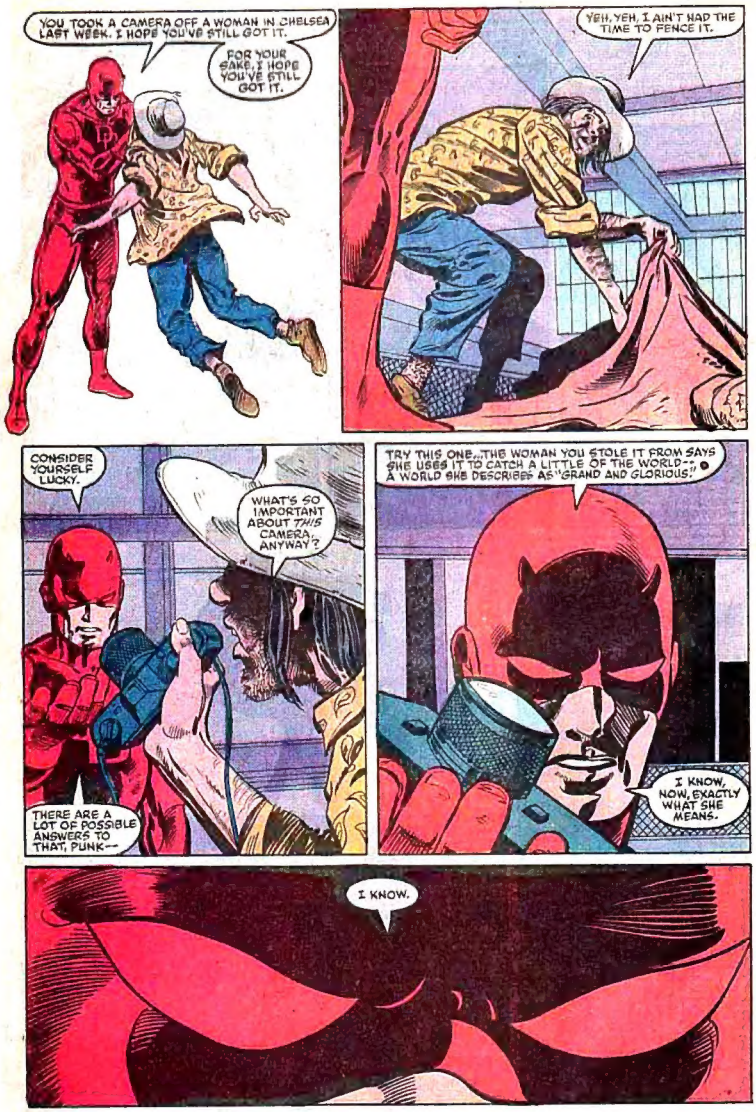
MATTHEW. THE WIND IS FRESHENIN' AN' THERE'S A NIP OF RAIN IN IT. DON'T GO CATCHIN' COLD.

SOON...
LISTEN TO ME, FROM BEYOND OR BEYONDER OR DEMI-GOD OR WHATEVER NAME YOU CHOOSE TO ANSWER TO, WE'VE GOT TO TALK! NOW!

YOU'RE ALMOST OMNIPOTENT ...ALMOST OMNISCIENT! OKAY, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO HEAR ME.
I HAVE TO ADMIT YOU REALLY HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD--THIS "RE-TAINER" OF YOURS IS A WONDERFUL THING.
TOO WONDERFUL.
IT MEANS A GREAT DEAL TO ME. IT MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME! I--I NEVER REALIZED..!
AND THAT'S THE PROBLEM, MISTER!
THE LONGER I HAVE MY SIGHT BACK, THE PLAINER IT IS THAT I VALUE IT TOO MUCH. MAYBE ENOUGH THAT I'D DO ANYTHING TO KEEP IT.
AND THAT WORRIES ME... BECAUSE THAT "PROFOUND SENSE OF JUSTICE" OF MINE IS EVEN MORE IMPORTANT TO ME.
THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ANYTHING WHICH COMPROMISES IT--OR MIGHT COMPROMISE IT. NO ROOM FOR ANY DOUBT.
SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
I QUIT. I'M NOT GOING TO WORK FOR YOU.
DO YOU HEAR ME, ALIEN? I RESIGN!
SO TAKE YOUR RETAINER BACK.
NOW!


YOU DESIRE SIGHT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. AND YET, YOU WILL NOT HAVE IT IF IT CASTS THE SLIGHTEST SHADOW OF SELF-DOUBT UPON YOUR INTEGRITY...
RIGHT.
VERY WELL. I CAN SENSE THAT THERE IS NO POINT IN ARGUING. YOU ARE RELIEVED OF YOUR OBLIGATION TO ME.
I WON'T REMOVE YOUR SIGHT, THOUGH. KEEP IT. AS A GIFT.
NO. TAKE IT BACK.
WHY SHOULD YOU SUFFER SUCH INCOMPLETENESS? THE RESTORATION OF YOUR SIGHT WAS AN ACT OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME. KEEP IT.
CONSIDER IT FAIR PAYMENT, IF YOU MUST, FOR THE INSIGHT YOU HAVE GIVEN ME INTO A STRANGE FACET OF HUMAN NATURE.
TAKE IT BACK, OR I'LL SUE.
"VERY WELL."
LATER...
NUTS!
WHAT'S WRONG, FOGGY?


AW... NOTHING, I GUESS. MATT WAS PROBABLY RIGHT TO REFUSE THE BEYONDER CASE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A MONSTER JOB. AND I GUESS HE HAD HIS *OWN* REASONS. BESIDES... BUT, MAN, IT LEAVES US IN PRETTY SAD SHAPE.
I'M SURE THINGS WILL WORK OUT, FOGGY.
YEAH. IT WOULD'VE BEEN NICE TO KEEP THE MILLION. HECK, MAYBE I'LL WIN THE LOTTERY.
LATER--
SKEETER FRIZZEL! YOU CAN'T HIDE.
I DON'T *HAVETA*--
--NOT FROM A BOZO LIKE *YOU!* HEY, YOU CAN'T EVEN STAY OUTTA THE *BUG JUICE!*
OOMPF!
DANG
POISO


YOU TOOK A CAMERA OFF A WOMAN IN CHELSEA LAST WEEK. I HOPE YOU'VE STILL GOT IT.
FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE YOU'VE STILL GOT IT.
YEH, YEH. I AIN'T HAD THE TIME TO FENCE IT.
CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY.
WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS CAMERA, ANYWAY?
THERE ARE A LOT OF POSSIBLE ANSWERS TO THAT, PUNK--
TRY THIS ONE...THE WOMAN YOU STOLE IT FROM SAYS SHE USES IT TO CATCH A LITTLE OF THE WORLD--; A WORLD SHE DESCRIBES AS "GRAND AND GLORIOUS!"
I KNOW, NOW, EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANS.
I KNOW.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: editor — CRAIG ANDERSON: assistant editor

℅ MARVEL COMICS GROUP-387 Park Avenue South-New York, New York-10016

Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Ralph, Danny, & Company,

Without a doubt, DAREDEVIL #217 boasts the finest cover I have ever seen. Everything about it worked together to convey not only the story inside but also the heart and soul of The Man Without Fear.

Short but well deserved raves about the cover aside, "The Sight Sealer" wasn't too shabby either. I do have one question, just who has a car with the license number 984 ROM? That was an interesting part of the splash page.

I really liked the way you continued this story one heartbeat after the close of last month's story, another fine effort in which the Gael went out of his way to take the Grim Reaper's title and nearly succeeded. His sudden reappearance at the end of #217 was excellent in that it portrayed Gael's true nature as a madman. Most criminals would disappear in order to recover and gather forces but not the Gael, so dedicated to mindless violence is he that he went after Glori at all costs. It's scary to think that such types are in Daredevil's midst, but at least we've got tireless crusaders like old Hornhead to throw a monkey-wrench in the machinery of evil.

It's great to have the Widow back, even if her team-up potential had the kibosh put on it by the Cossack. The intertwining of scenarios was superb. Even though Daredevil had no intention of pursuing the Cossack with the Gael on the loose and Glori on the run, he still found himself flung into the thick of it and was in fine form meeting the challenge.

The references to Stick and Elektra are great in that they show Matt's placing great stock in the remembrance of things past. As Daredevil said "that's a long story . . . maybe I'll tell it sometime" and I hope he does it sometime soon.

William Adkins Jr.
Akron, Ohio

William, you aren't alone in your love for the moody cover on DAREDEVIL #217. Some of you younger fans didn't recognize the distinctive style of fan favorite Barry Windsor-Smith. Don't worry though, you'll get another chance as Barry's sensational return to comics continues in the pages of X-MEN #198 in a story featuring . . . Storm! Watch for it.

To Denny O'Neil & Co.,

Hi. Maybe it's just my theater background, but I thought DAREDEVIL #218 was one of the nicest, most human comic stories I've read in a long time. Playing the Jester was one of the most heroic things Daredevil's ever done. Thank you.

Mark Leiren-Young
Victoria, B.C., Canada

Hey O'Neil,

I actually shed a tear at the end of your latest DAREDEVIL, the "Jester" story! Guess that means it was really good.

Steve Skeates
Address Withheld

Steve, Denny says he actually chuckled at the end of your latest PETER PORKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-HAM story. Guess that means it was really funny!

Dear Marvel,

I loved it! DAREDEVIL #218 was a masterpiece with a capital "M." Denny, this tale really showed D.D. in a neat way. I loved the art by Sal Buscema. Is Sal the artist who used to draw ROM? I also liked the action a lot. Daredevil remains my favorite master of hand-to-hand combat. I think the Jester is a cool villain.

Ian Carroll
Staples, MN 56479

Yes, Ian, Sal is indeed the artist who chronicled the Spaceknight's adventures against the Dire Wraiths during his days on Earth. Sal is going to do the art on THE ETERNALS, a 12-issue Limited Series on sale in major galaxies near you.

Dear Advocates,

After all these years, let's see if I can qualify for a no-prize. A few pages from the closing curtain, Daredevil, while taunting New York's finest, thinks to himself, "from the expression on that engineer's face, the performance is still great." As multi-purpose as Daredevil's radar skill is, I think it has been well established that it cannot do everything that vision can. This should include the resolution of a facial expression of someone turned away from him at a distance. After all, we are always being reminded of the limitations of a blind man.

However, rather than assume anthropomorphism on the part of the writer, let's look at what Daredevil could discern. His radar sense could pick up body position, and his enhanced hearing might confirm patterns of respiration and heartbeat that indicate rapt absorbtion of the technician (as documented in infant preference studies). Since he grew up a sighted man, and lives in a sighted world, he may well prefer to think to himself in sighted "short-hand" such as "from the expression on his face," as a summary term for the many senses which enable him to guess pretty accurately what that expression must be. The blind often say "I see" in much the same vein.

And as long as I see the quality that has long been a trait of this book, my physiological indicators will continue to applaud each issue.

Steve Berman
New York, NY 10014

Steve, yours was the best explanation for Hornhead's slip of the tongue, so your long sought-after no-prize is in the mail.

Dear Sir,

Everyone keeps screaming about how sophomoric today's comics are. Well Ok, the bad guys are terrible shots and the good guys are incredibly righteous, but it seems to me that comics are a literary genre unto themselves, like a gothic romance or a hard-boiled detective. There is a finite number of basic concepts which can be applied to the comics story, and it is the embellishment on these themes that make stores new and interesting. After all, Beethoven used the same notes that were used by Jelly Roll Morton, but it is the arrangement of the notes that result in different sounds. A good idea, well executed, can result in a symphony or a superior comic story.

Lots of my friends think I am silly to read comics. I gave up on explaining things like the willing suspension of disbelief. People seem to think I have a bad habit. At one time the guitar was considered an instrument of gypsies. Then Segovia was born in Spain, and in his lifetime he elevated the guitar to a place of prominence in the musical world. When people first went to his concerts they expected to hear some folk songs but instead heard the Bach Chaconne. It pleased the audience because the aristocracy enjoyed the piece itself, and the peasants enjoyed the familiar sound of the instrument.

The point is this: The art of the comics writer is to create a work of fiction that is entertaining, informative, and accessible. That's what a good writer does anyway, a guy like Denny O'Neil. Comics are familiar ground to most kids, so Denny can present morality plays or allegories or whatever pops into his head and he can reach an audience that wouldn't pick up Billy Budd or Lord Byron.

So highbrows can keep screaming about how comics are filled with innocuous lightweight concepts, and Denny can keep being lumped in with conversation about comic writers in general, but for my money, and judging from his consistently superior endeavors in quality, Denny is an artist.

Dwayne Clark
Address Withheld

Well Dwayne, what can we possibly say after that . . . except that Ralph has given Denny the go ahead to pencil, ink, letter, color, as well as write the next issue. Heh heh, just kidding Mr. Mazzucchelli!